

# ART NEWS AND REVIEWS—IMPORTANCE OF THE WORK ON WATERCOLORS

## Albert E. Gallatin Writes Courageous Essay on Art

Places Winslow Homer Firmly on Pedestal—Situation Set Forth With Frankness—Excellent Paintings by Charles Demuth at Daniel's.

By HENRY McBRIDE.

THE important event of this week is the appearance in the book-shops of an essay by Albert E. Gallatin upon "American Water Colorists." This is a work of courage and understanding. In it the problems of the day are faced unflinchingly and the new artists are judged sympathetically. The great hero of other days, Winslow Homer, is placed more firmly upon his pedestal than before, but slight reservations creep into the estimates of the work of Whistler and Sargent, due to the fierce light that beats upon reputations in these modern days and which only those tinged with the true godlike quality can withstand. Besides these three are placed three others, newcomers—John Marin, Charles Demuth and Charles Burchfield—and the language used in praise of them will profoundly shock the official philistines of the country who have been endeavoring to ignore the march of time and of events. I believe Mr. Gallatin's book will wake up these sleeping intellects with a vengeance, and that results, in tardy official circles, must follow.

The water color situation is set down in black and white with great frankness. "The painter of originality and talent who turns for support to the State, to the public museums or to organized art societies is doomed to disappointment," writes Mr. Gallatin. "To acquaint oneself with the drawings of the American water colorists it is necessary, with the exception of Sargent and Winslow Homer, to seek out their works in various private collections. Sargent is adequately represented in the Brooklyn Museum, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. To a much lesser extent this is also true of Homer.

"A group of Dodge Macknight's water colors is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, most of them in storage, but to be seen upon application. A few Macknights, as well as several choice Sargents and Homers and a Whistler, are hung in the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University. Two of Childé Hassam's water colors are owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where also may be seen single examples of Whistler and John Marin, both of them gifts. Charles Demuth and Mary Cassatt are not represented in any of the public galleries. Neither the Art Institute of Chicago nor the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts owns a single American water color of any distinction."

In another place, speaking of the definite progress and place that the American water colorists have made for themselves, he adds: "These artists have not acted in a body, but on the contrary have been absolutely independent of each other, and in but one or two instances have they affiliated themselves in any way with such moribund institutions as the American Water Color Society and the New York Water Color Club, of whose exhibitions it might be said with but little exaggeration that they include practically everything except true water color drawings."

Under the circumstances the chief interest in Mr. Gallatin's essay lies in the prominence he gives to the water colors of John Marin, Charles Demuth and Charles Burchfield.

These three men have deeply influenced the younger generation, and the intelligent experiments they have made, instead of winning official approbation, have been steadily ignored. Of John Marin Mr. Gallatin writes that he "is not only one of the greatest and most profound artists America has produced but as a water colorist he stands supreme; it is necessary to travel back to the ancient Chinese masters to find his equal."

Of Charles Demuth there is this: "Demuth's talent is confined within very definite limits; his drawings are always conspicuous for their perfect taste and a certain distinctness that amounts almost to fastidiousness. His drawings of flowers are exquisite, full of the most delicate draftsmanship and alluring color. Style they possess as well as something of the subtle charm one finds in the flower subjects of Redon and Fantin-Latour. In the rendering of flowers no other American has equaled him."

Of young Charles Burchfield, whose strange productions are still so little known here, Mr. Gallatin is again unhesitating in praise. His "strong and forceful landscape drawings, so full of gusto, are of decided consequence." At the risk of appearing snobbish I must confess that part of the effect of the book is due to the publication of this book. The work has been beautifully printed by Bruce Rogers at the Rudge Press and in every way is an admirable specimen of bookmaking. In addition there is an imposing array of full page reproductions of water colors by all the mentioned artists, including some in color. Now the presentation of the claims of Marin, Demuth and Burchfield in such an impressively luxurious fashion as this is bound to sway, I feel, many who have remained cool as to this, to the argument. But as for myself, I heartily say "amen" to the argument.

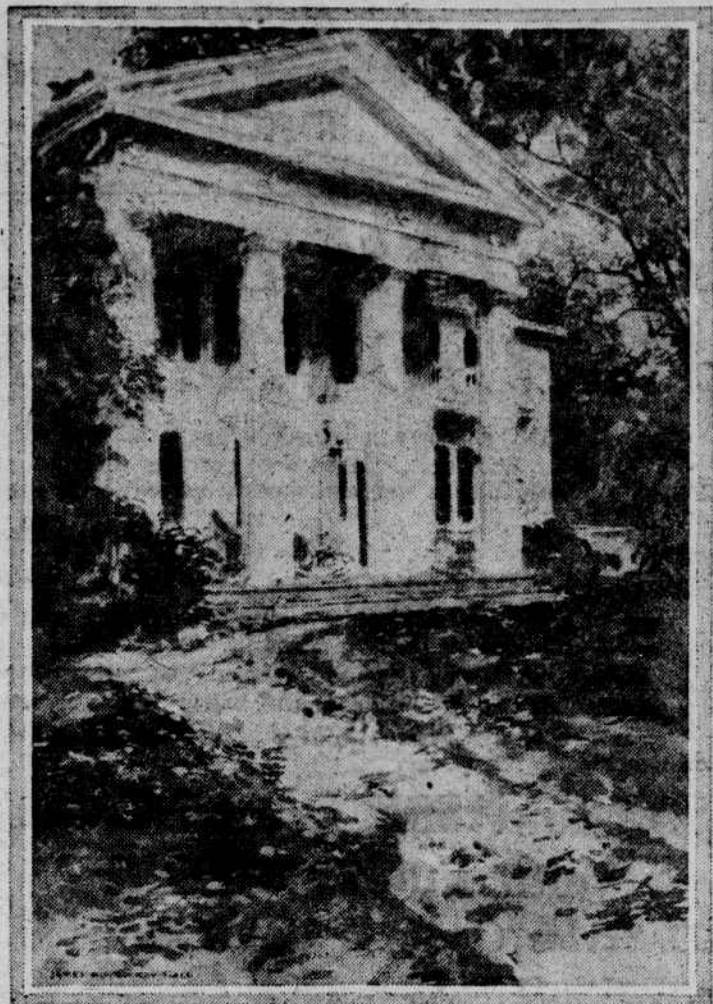
Remarkable Paintings  
By Charles Demuth

Occasionally even the new artists have luck, and that must be regarded as lucky that there should be a Charles Demuth exhibition in the Daniel Gallery at this time. The publication of Mr. Gallatin's book, elsewhere noticed, will inevitably cause many to demand where Demuth may be seen, and the answer is, "At Daniel's."

Not altogether consonant, however, to Mr. Gallatin's inquiry is the work on display, for the bulk of the new things, as it happens, have been painted in oil. There are water colors, though, that testify to Mr. Demuth's reputation, delicate appreciations of flowers most of them, with qualities that seem to grow more precious the longer they are studied.

Not the least conspicuous of the artist, though not in water color, seem to have grown from his former experiments. The mills and factories which loom so largely across the modern horizon continue to dominate his thoughts and in spite of the jump into a new medium, the artist's feeling is more vigorously expressed than ever. His towering smokestacks, countless iron girders and violent red bricks, are impressively of the earth and the strange thing about the matter is that these red bricks and iron girders, in Mr. Demuth's versions of them, seem beautiful. It will surprise most, doubtless, those who are most responsible for the bricks and girders, the great builders of the concrete and iron age, but it is not certain they will see them. They are too busy reshaping the earth to care much about the way one artist holds up the mirror to their efforts.

Although he sees beauty in smokestacks, Mr. Demuth is not above laughing at them, or perhaps at us. He puts aly titles upon them that disturb academicians. One pair of stacks, lovingly supporting each other, is labeled "Assassin et Nicolette," and another glimpse of something strictly industrial is called "Incense of a New Church." This last is one of the finest of the new



WHITE PILLARS - FAIRFIELD, CONN.  
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG  
COURTESY OF THE MILCH GALLERIES

artist may surprise some of our religious institutions. They will not displease architects, however, and as it is usually an architect who attends to the decoration of our churches, Mr. Sublin's chances of placing his carvings decoratively in our midst may not be slim.

### New Water Colors By Flagg on View

The water colors of James Montgomery Flagg now on view in the Milch Galleries make a popular appeal. Mr. Flagg has a clear eye and much manual skill, and what he sees he puts down tellingly. It is quite apparent that had he not been one of the successful illustrators of the day he might have had a career as painter. It does not, however, in these times seem possible to combine the two callings.

It seems necessary in illustration to make great haste, or at least to an illustrator in request it seems necessary to make haste, and the speed and incessant production have to be paid for. All these water colors of Mr. Flagg are exceedingly showy, and at first glance the eye is distinctly invited, but, alas! there are so many discrepancies, due to the hasty workmanship, that close study of them is fraught with painful results. To cite errors in draftsmanship is scarcely worth while, but it may be emphasized again that draftsmanship is only the stepping stone to expression and that without poetry or lofty emotion of some kind skill is of slight service. Mr. Flagg seems singularly calm in temperament and paints the newest white hotel at a summer resort with the same feeling that he paints an old residence in New England—that is to say, not with much. I ought to add that much of his best performance is the "Interior," a view in Mr. Flagg's house. If all the drawings were so successful a different report might be made.

### An Artist's Pen Picture Of Georges Clemenceau

The Parisian art journals do not hesitate to go directly to life and do not confine all their efforts to the ateliers. One of them, *Le Croquis*, just before Clemenceau sailed for America sent an artist down to his retreat to interview him, and the following pen portrait of the old statesman resulted:

"In order to get from the last inhabited village to the Tiger's solitary lair one must travel across a stony plain covered with heather and bracken. It is indeed a No Man's Land. No one is to be seen; birds, flying low, shake their somber wings; a sad silence is everywhere. It all makes one think of the dreadful fields of Champagne or the Alsace. The road climbs up a moundlike little hill. From there it slopes down, twisting about in the mist, to be at last completely lost in the sand at the edge of sea. The house is there on the sands—upright, solitary, absolutely alone. No trees, no walls, no hedges, no garden—nothing.

"There is a large creaking fence of white wooden pickets breast high, pickets

they told me that he was coming. I looked along the road by which I had come and by which, according to my way of thinking, Clemenceau should arrive. I saw nothing at all. Reluctantly I turned around. It was then, in the clear angle formed by the veranda, against the bright and ever moving background of the sea, that I saw a shadowy form suddenly appear.

"It was he. He resembled to a dot the paper mache figures with which he was caricatured at the time of the armistice, and which were sold in the confectioners' shops. From a distance was seen an old battered figure, 'Son chapeau comme le plume' (Verheeren has written), and his large white mustache, resembling under his nose, a wadded up handkerchief. He was walking along, quickly, and with short strides. Approaching, he regarded me with an intense curiosity. This is one of his characteristics. His look is intense. I recall it very well during his questioning at the Chambre. Motionless his round Venetian head buried down between his shoulders, he was lying in wait for the speaker. He fastened his look on Wilson at the time of the plenary session of the Peace Conference, which I fraudulently attended on January 26, 1919. At the bottom of the look blazes a light which when the Old Man moves his head, seems to dance like the jack of lanterns of his own country. It startles and frightens. He knows it, and enjoys it. He adopts a cynical attitude from which strangers at once try to retreat. Signor Orlando has expressed himself on this subject, and Mr. Keynes devoted to it one whole chapter of his famous book.

"Without removing his eyes from me, Clemenceau came up to the glass window of the door of the veranda, which I opened in order to go to meet him. He entered—quickly, as usual—and forced me in spite of myself, to take the easy chair. He seated himself beside me in another chair, legs crossed and arms stretched over the back.

"He had thrown his cloth hat on the table. His bald head has a color with-out doubt unique. It is a yellow—extremely fine and warm—the yellow of bric-a-brac before baking; of Emmental cheese or of certain Sicilian marbles. Toward the front the skin darkens until it reaches the thick white thatch of the eyebrows. The cheeks are thin, lengthening the face and making the nose appear larger—even common. He was carefully shaven. He wore a straight collar with a black set of cravat worn a little to one side. His costume was a nice gray, cut loosely. He wore very new gray gloves."

### Mexican Artists Accept Invitation to Show Here

The Society of Independent Artists has received a letter of acceptance from the Mexican Independents in answer to their recent invitation to the painters of our sister republic to show at the an-

### Varied Exhibitions In Many Galleries

One of the most interesting shows now accessible to the public is that in the Durand-Ruel Galleries. It is a collection of the bronzes by Degas, with an accompaniment of drawings by that master, and a number of significant impressionist masterpieces. The bronzes of Degas were shown once before at the Grollier Club and made a profound impression. The bronzes were cast after the master's death from the wax figures he had made in the course of his studies from the living model. For years it was known that these models were in existence, but it was not until after Degas had passed away that the executors had them cast and publicly shown. The knowledge of form displayed in them is extraordinary, and as a side light upon Degas's methods they are invaluable. The ultimate place for them will be in the public museums.

The New Gallery on Madison avenue has a new exhibition by the artists of the modern movement, and in it the work of certain progressive Americans is shown side by side with that of the most advanced of Europeans. Among the Americans are Hartley, Mary Rogers, Sprinchorn, Zorach and Elderheimer, and among the Europeans are Dufy, Picasso, Modigliani, Bonnard, Zandomeni and Modigliani. The Dufy is a gorgeous piece of lyricism in paint. It is a bit of shore and sea seen somewhere in the south of France, and though it is the fashion now to speak of music in painting this one introduces a new music. The theme is played throughout in big chords.

Stanley Roland, whose water colors are on view at the Bookery on Forty-seventh street, shows marked progress. He has been finding subjects off the rugged New England coast and has put them down with great vigor and considerable breadth of view. A spur of rock, which has been worn by the sea into a resemblance of a cathedral buttress, gives him several themes, which he has worked up with the simplicity of the admired Japanese.

A group of painters who work at Silvermine, Conn., are now showing in the gallery of the Misesa Hill on Fifth avenue. Charles Reiffel appears to carry off the honors, and the several landscapes signed by him sparkle with color. They also admirably reflect the charm of the Connecticut landscape. Others who distinguish themselves are D. Putnam Brinley, Helen Hamilton and Howard L. Hilderbrandt.

John Da Costa, who has an exhibition of portraits in the Fearon Galleries, is an able workman. He is exceedingly happy with children, and his "Ogden, Son of H. C. Phipps, Esq." is both spirited and full of character. The portrait of the artist's daughter is also charming. But Mr. Da Costa is not limited to children. His portraits of Mrs. James Stewart Cushman, of Mrs. George Bell and R. Cunningham Graham, Esq., are all highly successful performances.

### Notes and Activities In the World of Art

The Societe Anonyme reopened its galleries on East Forty-seventh street yesterday with an exhibition of the work of the Frenchman Jacques Villon. The program of the Societe Anonyme for the winter promises much of interest, with possibly the new work of Kandinsky as the feature of the season.

The Arts is shortly to resume publication, and one of the features of the first issue will be a study of the work of Charles Demuth by F. H. Watson, the new editor of the Arts. The essay will afterward be reprinted in brochure form with many illustrations.

The John Levy Galleries have just sold to Mr. L. M. Fleish of Piqua, Ohio, Sir Henry Raeburn's distinguished portrait of John Campbell of Kilberry, which was the last work of the Campbell home from 1802, the year in which it is believed to have been painted, until 1910, when it was seen in an exhibition of Raeburn's works in London.

John Campbell was about 20 years old when this portrait was painted, and is shown as rather more of a man of fashion than is usual in this artist's pictures of young men. His costume of dark coat, golden yellow waistcoat and trousers and immaculate white stock has an added note of fashionable festivity through the waving stick that top him that he holds in a dandified pose in his right hand covered with a yellow glove. The painting is unusually brilliant in color, even for Raeburn, the face glowing with health and good spirits and crowned by soft lustrous brown hair. It represents Raeburn of the Scotch period, before he went down to London to have his original manner softened a little under the influence of the British masters of London in the first years of the nineteenth century.

The seventh annual exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers will be open to the public in the print galleries of the Brooklyn Museum on Wednesday, preceded by a first view on Tuesday for members of the society and their friends and members of the museum. There will be 222 exhibits, including many by artists who are not members of the society. As usual in the exhibitions of this society, all parts of the United States are represented and a large number of the active members are not residents of Brooklyn. The total number of society members, including associates

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and honorary members, is 350, of which number fifty-five are active members and fourteen are honorary members. Three prizes will be awarded on the occasion of the first view, the Nathan I. Blum prize of \$25 for the best print by an exhibitor who is not a member of the society, the Kate W. Arms memorial prize of \$25 for the best print by a member and the Henry F. Noyes prize of \$50 for the best print in the exhibition. The officers of the society are: President, John Taylor Arms; vice-president, Henry B. Shoen; corresponding secretary, Will Simmons; recording secretary, Morris Greenberg; treasurer, Continued on Following Page.

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of \$20 for the best print in the exhibition. The officers of the society are: President, John Taylor Arms; vice-president, Henry B. Shoen; corresponding secretary, Will Simmons; recording secretary, Morris Greenberg; treasurer, Continued on Following Page.



MARCHESA CASATI  
BY BLAES DA LEZZE  
COURTESY KINGORE GALLERIES